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The Gentle Shepherd. The Cherry and Slae.

The Mourning Bride. The Distrest Mother.

Cambray's Letters, 4to.

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POEMS

IN THE

A Scottish dialect

SCOTTISH DIALECT

BY SEVERAL

CELEBRATED POETS,

VIZ.

CHRIST's KIRK on the
Green, by K. JAMES I.
of Scotland.

Habbie Simson's, and
Sanny Brigg's Elegys.

The Blythsome Wed-
ding.

The merry Testament
of Mr. Andro Ken-
nedie.

Johnie Armstrong.
A Satyre on Covetous-
ness.

A Panygyrick on Sr
Penny.

Robin and Makyne.
a Pastoral.

An Interlude of the
Droichs.

An Epistle.

GLASGOW,

PRINTED AND SOLD BY ROBERT FOULIS.

MDCCXLVIII.

2 M E O G

THE THREE

SECRET THIS DIGITAL COPY

Jazz à Vienne

CORPORAL AND POETS

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CHRIST's KIRK ON THE GREEN.

WAS ne'er in Scotland heard nor seen
such dancing and deray ;
Neither at Faulkland on the green,
nor Peebles at the play :
As was of wooers, as I ween,
at Christ's Kirk on a day ;
For there came Ketties washen clean
with their new gowns of gray,
Full gay that day.

To dance these damosels them dight,
these lasses light of laits,
Their gloves were of the raffal right,
their shoes were of the straits ;
Their kirtles were of Lincoln-light,
well prest with mony plaits ;
They were so nice, when men them neigh'd,
they squeel'd like any Gaits,
Full loud that day.

Of all these maidens mild as mead,
was nane so gimp as Gillie ;
As any rose her rude was red,
her lire was like the lillie,
But yellow yellow was her head,
and she of love so silly,
Though all her kin had sworn her dead,
she would have none but Willie,
Alone that day.

She scorn'd Jack, and scripp'd at him,
and murgeon'd him with mocks ;

CHRIST's KIRK TAIR

He wou'd have loo'd her, she wou'd not let him
for all his yellow locks.

He cherisht her, she bad go chat him,
she count him nae twa clocks:

So shamefully his short jack set him,
his legs were like twa rocks,

Or rungs that day.

Tom Lutter was their minstrel meet,
good Lord ! how he cou'd lance ;
He play'd so shrill, and sang so sweet
while Toufie took a trance :

Old Lightfoot there he cou'd foreleet,
and counterfitted France,
He held him like a man discreet,
and up the Morice-dance

He took that day.

Then Stephen came stepping in with stends,
no rink might him arrest.

Splayfoot did bob with many bends,
for Masie made request,

He lap while he lay on his lends,
and rising was so preast,

While he did hoast at both the ends
for honour of the feast,

And danc'd that day.

Then Robin Roy began to revel,
and Toufie too him drugged :

Let be, quo' Jack, and call'd him Jovel,
and by the tail him rugged,

Then Kensie cleeked to a kevel ;
God wots as they twa lugged :

They

ON THE GREEN.

3

They parted there upon a nevel,
men say, that hair was rugged
Between them twa.

With that a friend of his cry'd, fy !

and forth an arrow drew :

He forced it so fiercely,

the bow in flinders flew ;

Such was the grace of God, trow I,

for had the tree been true,

Men said, who knew his archery,

that he had slain anew,

Belyve, that day.

A yap young man that stood him neist,

soon bent his bow in ire,

And etl'd the bairn in at the breast,

the bolt flew o'er the bire :

And cry'd, fy ! he hath slain a priest

a mile beyond the mire :

Both bow and bag from him he kiest,

and fled as fast, as fire

From flint, that day.

An hasty kinsman called Harry,

that was an archer keen,

Ty'd up a tackle withoutten tarry,

I trow the man was teen :

I wot not whether his hand did vary,

or his foe was his freen :

But he scap'd by the mights of Mary,

as one that nothing mean'd

But good that day.

Then Lawrie like a lion lap,

and soon a slain could fedder :

He height to pierce him at the pap,
thereon to wed a wedder:

He hit him on the wame a wap,
it buff't like any bladder.

He scaped so, such was his hap;
his doublet was of leather

Full fine that day,

The buff so boisterously abaist him,
that he to th' earth dusht down,

The other man for dead there left him,
and fled out of the town.

The wives came forth and up they reft him,
and found life in the lown;

Then with three routs they raised him,
and cur'd him out of sown,

Fra hand that day,

The miller was of manly make,
to meet him was na mows:

There durst not ten-some there him take,
so cowed he their pows.

The bushment whole about him brake
and bickered him with bows,

Then traiterously behind his back,
they hack'd him on the hows

Behind, that day,

Then Hutcheon with a hazel-rice
to red gan through them rumble:

He muddl'd them down like any mice,
he was no petty bumble;

Tho' he was wight, he was no wise,
with such jutors to jumble,

For

ON THE GREEN.

5

For from his thumb there flew a slice,
while he cry'd barlafumble,
I'm slain this day!

When that he saw his blood so red,
to flee might na man let him:
He trow'd it had been for ald Feed;
he thought and bade, have at him.
He made his feet defend his head,
the far fairer it set him,
While he was past out of their dread:
they must be swift that gat him,

Through speed, that day.

Twa that were headsmen of the herd,
they rusht on other like rams;
The other four, which were unfear'd,
beat on with barrow-trams,
And where their gobs were ungear'd
they got upon the gams,
While that all bloody was their beards,
as they had worry'd lams,

Most like that day.

They girn'd and glowr'd all at anes,
each gossip other griev'd:
Some stricked stings, some gathered stanes,
some fled, and some reliev'd.
The Minstrel used quiet means,
that day he wisely priev'd,
For he came hame with unbruised banes,
where fighters were mischiev'd

Full ill, that day.

With forks and flails they lent them slaps,
and flew together with friggs:

With bougres of barns they pierc'd blue caps,
and of their bairns made briggs:

The rear rose rudely with their raps,
then rungs were laid on riggs.

The wives came forth with cries and claps,
see where my liking ligs

Full low, this day.

The black souter of Braith was bowden,
his wife hang at his waist:

His body was in black all browden,
he girned like a ghaist.

Her glittering hair was so gowden,
her love fast from him laist,

That for his sake she was unyawden.
while he a mile was chas'd

And mair that day.

When they had beir'd like beated bulls,
the bone-fires brunt like bails;

And then they grew as meek as mules
that weary'd are with mails;

For those forfoughten tyred fools
fell down like slaughter'd frails;

Fresh men came in and hail'd the dools,
and dang them down in dails

Bedeen that day.

The wives then gave a hideous yell,
when all these yonkiers yoked,

As fierce as flags of fire-slaughts fell,
freiks to the field they flocked,

The crales with clubs did others quell
on breast, while blood outbocked;

So

ON THE GREEN.

7

So rudely rang the common bell,
that all the steeple rocked

For dread that day.

By this Tom Taylor was in his gear,
when he heard the common bell,

He said, he should make all a stear
when he came there himself;

He went to fight with such a fear
while to the ground he fell,

A wife, that hit him on the ear
with a great knocking mell,

Fell'd him that day.

The Bridegroom brought a pint of ale,
and bade the piper drink it;

Drink it, quo' he, and it so stale,
ashrew me if I think it.

The bride her maidens stood near by,
and said, it was not blinked;

And Bartagesie the bride so gay,
upon him fast she winked,

Full soon that day.

When all was done, Dick, with an ax,
came forth to fell a fother,

Quo' he, where are you whoreson smaiks
right now that hurt my brother?

His wife bade him go hame, Gib Glaiks,
and so did Meg his Mother;

He turn'd and gave them both their paiks,
for he durst ding no other

But them that day.

F I N I S.

THE
LIFE AND DEATH
OF THE
PIPER OF KILBARCHAN;

O R,

*The epitaph of Habbie Simson ;
Who on his drone bore bonny flags ;
He made his cheeks as red as crimson,
And babbed when he blew the bags.*

Kilbarchan now may say, alas !
for she hath lost her game and grace,
Both trixie, and the maiden trace :
but what remead ?
For no man can supply his place,
Hab Simson's dead !

Now, who shall play, *The day it daws?*
Or, hunt up, when the cock he craws ?
Or, who can for our Kirk-town-cause,
stand us in stead ?
On bagpipes (now) no body blaws,
Habbie's dead.
Or, wha will cause our shearers shear ?
Wha will bend up the brags of weir,

C

Bring

HAB. SIMSON's ELEGY. 9

Bring in the bells or good play meir,
in time of need?

Hab Simson cou'd, what needs you spear?
but (now) he's dead!

So kindly to his neighbours neest,
At *Beltan* and Saint *Barchan*'s feest,
He blew, and then held up his breeest,
as he were weid;
But now we need not him arrest,
for *Habbie*'s dead!

At fairs he play'd before the spearmen,
All gaily graithed in their gear-men.
Steel bonnets, jacks, and swords so clear then
like any bead.

Now wha shall play before such weir-men,
sen *Habbie*'s dead?

At clerk-plays when he wont to come;
His pipe play'd trimly to the drum,
Like bikes of bees he gart it bum,
and tun'd his reed.

Now all our pipers may sing dum,
sen *Habbie*'s dead!

And at horse races many a day,
Before the black, the brown, the gray,
He gart his pipe, when he did play,
baith skirl and skreed.

C

Now

Now all such pastime's quite away,
 He is gone
 for Habbie's dead!

He counted was a weil'd wight man,
And fiercely at foot-ba' he ran :
At ev'ry game the gree he wan,
 of all his foes
 for pith and speed.

The like of *Habbie* was na than,
 no equal
 but now he's dead !

And than, besides his valiant acts,
At bridals he wan many placks,
He bobbed ay behind fok's backs,
 and behind every back
 and shook his head.

Now we want many merry cracks,
 to make us laugh
 for Habbie's dead !

He was convoyer of the bride,
With Kittock hinging at his side :
About the Kirk he thought a pride
 of all the maidens
 the ring to lead.

But now we may gae but a guide ;
 and do not
 for Habbie's dead !

Sa well's he kepted his decorum,
And all the stots of Whip-meg-morum,
He slew a man, and wae's me for him,
 he was a fool
 and bure the feed :
But yet the man wan hame before him,
 he was not dead

HAB. SIMSON's ELEGY.

II

Ay when he play'd, the lasses leugh,
To see him teethless, auld and teugh.
He wan his pipes beside Borcheugh,
withouten dread ;
Which after him wan gear enough,
but now he's dead !

Ay when he play'd, the gaitlings gedder'd,
And when he spake, the carl bledder'd.
On sabbath days, his cap was fedder'd,
a seemly weid.
In the Kirk-yard, his Mare stood tedder'd,
where he lies dead !

Alas ! for him, my heart is fair,
For of his springs I gat a skair,
At every play, race, feast and fair,
but guile or greed.
We need not look for piping mair,
sen *Habbie's* dead !

C 2

E P I.

E P I T A P H

ON

S A N N Y B R I G G S,

Nephew to HABBIE SIMSON, and Butler
to the Laird of KILBARCHAN.

A Lake for evermore and wae !
To wha shall I, whan drouthie, gae ?
Dool, sturt and sorrow, will me slae
without remead,
For hardship ; and alake a day !
since Sanny's dead !

Oe'r buffet-stools, and hassocks tumble,
O how he gart the jutors jumble,
And glowren fow, both reel and rumble,
and clour their head ?
Now they may gape, and girn, and grumble,
since Sanny's dead !

And how he gart the carles clatter,
And blirten fow their bowspreets batter,
Laughen to see them pitter-patter,
navle and bleed ?
He was a deadly fae to water,
but now he's dead !

Wha'll

Wha'll ja' ale on my drouthy tongue,
To cool the heat of Lights and Lung?
Wha'll bid me, when the kail-bell's rung,
to buird me speed?

Wha'll set me by the barrel-bung,
since Sanny's dead?

Wha'll set me dribbling be the tapp;
While winking I begin to napp,
Then lay me down and well me happ,
and binn my head?
I need na think to get ae drap,
since Sanny's dead!

Well did the Master-cook and he,
With giff-gaff Courtesie agree,
With tears as fat as kitchen-fee,
drapt frae his head.
Alake a day! though kind to me,
yet now he's dead!

It very mukle did me please,
To see him howk the holland cheese:
I kend the clinking of his kies
in time of need.
Alake a day! tho' kind to me,
yet now he's dead!

He was as stout as was his steel,
And gen ye'll trow, he cou'd fu' weel

At

At Wapenshaw's the younkers dreel,
and bra'ly lead,
Baith to the fiel and frae the fiel,
but now he's dead !

When first I heard the waeful knell,
And dool ring o's passing bell,
It made me yelp, and yeul and yell,
and skirl and skreed.
To pantrie men I bid farewell,
since Sanny's dead :

Fast is he bunn, baith head and feet,
And wrapped in a winnen-sheet :
Now cou'd I sit me down and greet,
but what's the need?
Shou'd I like a bell'd Wedder bleet,
since Sanny's dead ?

P O S T S C R I P T.

THe Chiel came in his room, is bauld,
Sare be his shins; and's kail ay cauld,
Which gars us ay pray for the auld,
with book and bead.
Now Lord ha mercy on his faul,
for now he's dead ?

T H E

BLYTHSOME WEDDING.

FY let us all to the briddel,
 for there will be lilting there ;
 For Jockie's to be married to Maggie,
 the lass with the gauden-hair :
 And there will be lang-kail and pottage
 and bannocks of barley-meal ;
 And there will be good salt-herring
 to relish a kog of good ale.
Fy let us all to the briddel,
for there will be lilting there,
For Jockie's to be married to Maggie,
the lass with the gauden hair.

And there will be Sandie the futor,
 and Willie with the mickle mow,
 And there will be Tom the ploutter,
 and Andrew the tinkler I trow,
 And there will be bow-legged Robbie,
 and thumbless Kettie's goodman,
 And there will be blue cheeked Dallie,
 and Lawrie the laird of the land.
Fy let us all, &c.

And there will be sow-libber Peatie,
 and ploucky fac'd Wat in the mill,
 Capper-nos'd Gibbie and Francie
 that wins in the how of the hill,
 And there will be Alaster Dougal
 that splee-fitted Bessie did woo,

And

And freevling Lillie and Tibbie,
and Kirstie that belly-god sow.

Fy let us all, &c.

And Crampie that married Stainie
and coft him breeks to his arse;

And afterwards hatiged for stealing,
great mercy it hapned na warse;

And there will be fairntickl'd Hew,
and Bess with the lillie white leg;

That gat to the South for breeding,
and bang'd up her wamie in mons-meg.

Fy let us all, &c.

And there will be Geordie McCourie,
and blinking daft Barbra and Meg;

And there will be blencht Gillie-whimples
and peuter-fac'd flitching Joug,

• And there will be happen-ars'd Nanzie
and fairie-fac'd Jeanie be name,

Gleed Kettie and fat-lugged Lizie
the lass with the gauden wame.

Fy let us all, &c.

And there will be girn-again Gibbie
and his glaked wife Jenny Bell,

And mizlie-chin'd flyting Geordie
the lad that was skipper himsell;

There'll be all the lads and the lasses
set down in the midst of the Ha,

With

With sybows, and rifarts and carlings,
that are both sodden and ra.

Fy let us all, &c.

There will be tartan, dragen and brachen,
and fouth of good gappoks of skate,

Pow-sodie, and drammock, and crowdie,
and callour nout-feet in a plate ;

And there will be partons, and buckies,
Speldens, and haddockes anew,
And sing'd sheep-heads and a haggize
and scadlips to sup till ye're fow :

Fy let us all, &c.

There will be good lapper'd milk, kebbucks,
and sownens, and fardles, and baps,

And swaets, and scraped paunches,
and brandie in stoups and in caps :

And there will be meal-kail and castocks,
and skink to sup till you rive,
And rosts to rost on a brander,
of flouks that was taken alive.

Fy let us all, &c.

Scrapht haddockes, wilks, dilse and tangles,
and a mill of good sneezing to prie,

When weary with eating and drinking,
we'll rise up and dance till we die.

*Fy let us all to the brydel,
for there will be lilting there ;
For Jockie's to be marry'd to Maggie,
the laffs with the gauden hair.*

THE MERRY TESTAMENT
OF MR. ANDRO KENNEDIE,
MAID BY MASTER WILLIAM DUNBAR,
WHEN HE WAS LIKE TO DIE.

I.

I Master *Andrew Kennedy*,
a curio quando sum vocatus,
Begotten with sum Incuby,
or with sum Freir *infatuatus*;
I cannot, faith, tell redely,
unde aut ubi fui natus,
But this in truth I trow trewly,
quod sum Diabolus incarnatus.

II.

CUM nihil sit certius morte,
we maun all die quhen we haif done,
Nescimus quando, vel qua forte,
nor blind allane wait of the mone;
Ego patior in pectore,
through nicht I could not sleip a wink,
Licet aeger in corpore,
zit wald my mouth be wat with drink.

III.

NUNC condo testamentum meum,
I leave my faul for evirmair,
Per omnipotentem Deum,
into my Lordis gude wyne cellar,
Semper ibi ad remanendum,
till Dumesday curn without dissever,
Bonum vinum ad bibendum,
with sweit *Cuthbert* that lued me nevir.

IV.

IPSE est dulcis ad amandum,
 he wald aft ban me in his braith,
Det mihi modo ad potandum,
 and I forgave him laith and wraith,
Quia in cellar cum cervisia,
 I had leur ly baith air and late,
Nudus solus in camisia,
 than in my Lord's braw bed of state.

V.

A barrell being at my bosom,
 of warldly gude I bad na mare,
Et corpus meum ebriosum,
 I leif unto the toun of *Air*,
 In a draff midding eir and ay,
ut ibi sepelire queam;
 Quhair drink and draff may ilka day
 be custen *super faciem meam.*

VI.

I leif my heart that neir was sicker,
sed semper variabile,
 That evermair wad flow and flicker,
conforti meo Jacobi;
 Thoch I wald bind it with a wicker,
verum Deum renui,
 But and I hecht to tume a bicker,
hoc pactum semper tenui.

VII.

SYNE leif I the best aucht I bocht,
quod est Latinum propter cape
 To my Kin-heid, but waite I nocht,
quis est ille, than schrew my scape:

I tald my Lord my heid but hiddle,
sed mille alii hoc sciverunt,
 We wer as sib as sive and riddle,
in una silva quae creverunt.

VIII.

QUIA mea solatia,
 they wer but leisings all and ane,
Cum omni fraude et fallacia,
 I leif the maister of Sanct Anthane,
 To William Gray ein *sine gratia*,
 my ain deir Cusine, as I wene,
Qui nunquam fabricat mendacia,
 But quhen the holand-tree grows grene.

IX.

My fenzeing and my false winning,
relinquo falsis fratribus,
 For that's conform to GOD's ain bidding,
disparsis dedit pauperibus;
 For mens fauls they say and sing,
mentientes pro muneribus,
 Now GOD give them an evil ending,
pro suis pravis operibus.

X.

To Jok the fule, my folly frie,
lego post corpus sepultum,
 In faith I am mair fule than he,
licet ostendo bonum multum,
 Of corn and cattle, gold and fie,
ipse habet valde multum,
 And zit he bleiris my Lordis ee,
fingendo eum fore stultum.

To

XI.

To master *Johny Clerk* syne,
do et lego intime,
God's braid malefon and myne,
nam ipse est causa mortis meae,
Wer I a dog, and he a swyne,
multi mirantur super me,
But I suld gar that lurdane quhryne,
scribendo dentes sine D.

XII.

RESIDUUM omnium bonorum
rests to dispone my Lord fall haif,
Cum tutela puerorum,
baith *Edie, Katie,* and all the laife ;
In faith I will nae langer raife,
pro sepultura ordino,
On the new gyse, sae GOD me saife,
non sicut more solito.

XIII.

IN die meae sepulturae,
I will haif nane but our ain gang,
Et duos rusticos de rure,
bearand ane barrell on a stang,
Drinkand and playand cap-out evin,
sicut egomet solebam,
Singand and greitand with the Stevin,
potum meum cum fletu miscebam.

XIV.

I will nae priests for me shall sing,
dies illa dies irae,

Nor zit nae bells for me to ring,
sicut semper solet fieri,
But a bag-pyp to play a spring,
Et unum ale-wisp ante me,
Instead of torches for to bring,
Quatuor lagunas cervisiae,
Within the grave to set sic thing
in modum crucis juxta me,
To fley the feynds, than hardly sing
de terra plas masti me.

JOHNIE

JOHNIE ARMSTRANG.

SUM speiks of lords, sum speiks of lairds,
and siclyke men of hie degrie,
Of a gentleman I sing a sang,
sumtime call'd laird of Gilnockie.

THE King he wrytes a luving letter
with his ain hand sae tenderly,
And he hath sent it to Johnie Armstrang,
To cum and speik with him speidily.

THE Eliots and Armstrangs did convene ;
they were a gallant company,
Weill ryde and meit our lawful King,
and bring him safe to Gilnockie.
Make kinnen and capon ready then,
and venison in great plenty,
Weill welcome hame our royal King,
I hope heill dine at Gilnockie.

THEY ran their horse on the Langum Hown,
and brake their speirs with mekle main ;
The Ladys lukit frae their loft windows,
GOD bring our men weil back again.
QUHEN Johny came before the King,
with all his men sae brave to see,
The King he movit his bonnet to him,
He weind he was a King as well as he.

MAY I find grace, my Sovereign Liege,
grace for my loyal men and me ;
For my name it is Johny Armstrang,
and subject of zours, my Liege, said he.

*Away, away, thou traytor Strang,
out of my ficht thou mayst sune be,
I grantit never a traytor's lyfe,
and now Ill not begin with thee.*

Grant me my lyfe, my Liege, my King,
and a bony gift I will give to thee,
Full four and twenty milk whyt steids,
were a foald in a zeir to me.
I'll gie thee all these milk whyt steids,
that prance and nicher at a speir,
With as mekle gude Inglis gilt,
as four of their braid backs dow beir.
Away, away thou traytor, &c.

Grant me my lyfe, my Liege, my King,
and a bony gift I'll gie to thee,
Gude four and twenty ganging mills,
that gang throw a the zeir to me.
These four and twenty mills complete,
fall gang for thee throw all the zeir,
And as mekle of gude reid quheit,
as all their happers dow to bear.
Away, away thou traytor, &c.

Grant me my lyfe, my Liege, my King,
and a great gift I'll gie to thee,
Bauld four and twenty sisters sons,
fall for thee fecht tho all sould flee.
Away, away thou traytor, &c.

Grant me my lyfe, my Liege, my King,
and a brave gift I'll gie to thee;
All betwene heir and Newcastle town,
fall pay thair zeirly rent to thee.
Away, away thou traytor, &c.

Ze leid, ze leid now, King, he says,
althocht a King and Prince ze be ;
For I luid naithing in all my lyfe,
I dare well sayit but honesty :
But a fat horse and a fair woman,
twa bony dogs to kill a deir ;
But Ingland fuld haif found me meil and malt,
gif I had livd this hundred zeir.

Scho fuld haif found me meil and malt,
and beif and mutton in all plentie ;
But neir a Scots wyfe could haif said,
that eir I skaithd her a pure flie.
To seek het water beneath cauld yce,
surely it is a great folie ;
I have asked grace at a graceless face,
but there is nane for my men and me.
But had I kend or I came frae hame,
how thou unkynd wadst bene to me,
I wad haif kept the Border Syde,
in spyte of all thy force and thee.
Wist Englands King that I was tane,
o gin a blyth man wald he be ;

E For

For anes I slew his sisters son,
and on his breist-bane brak a tree.

JOHN wore a girdle about his midle,
imbroiderd owre with burning gold,
Bespangled with the same mettle,
maist beautifull was to behold.

Ther hang nine targats at Johnys hat,
and ilk an worth three hundred pound,
What wants that knave that a King suld haif,
but the Sword of Honour and the Crown.

O quhair gat thou these targats, Johnie,
that blink sae brawly abune thy brie?

I gat them in the field fechting,
Quher, cruel King, thou durst not be.
Had I my horse and my harness gude,
and ryding as I wont to be,
It sould haif bene tald this hundred zeir,
the meiting of my King and me.

God be withee, Kirstie, my brither,
lang live thou laird of Mangertoun,
Lang mayst thou dwell on the border-syde,
or thou se thy brither ryde up and doun.
And God be withee, Kirstie, my son,
quhair thou sits on thy nurses knee ;
But and thou live this hundred zeir,
thy fathers better thoult never be.

Farewell, my bonny Gilnockhall,
quhair on Esk-syde thou standest stout,

Gif I had lived but seven zeirs mair,
I wald haif gilt thee round about.

John murdred was at Carlinrigg,
and all his galant companie ;
But Scotlands heart was never sae wae,
To see sae mony brave men die.

Because they savd their country deir

Frae Englishmen ; nane were sae bauld,
Quhyle Johnie livd on the Border-syde,
nane of them durst cum neir his hald.

III

garnished illy I bus givin me
mair givin a gowd iu / in the nighte
gath bus bairn and visq' em to me /
sayin to th' leal son hebb

VI

anob bin ill a griffier-ell / bus vtrill
anob a red-mit dill / and bila / A
sayin to th' son hebb
sayin to th' son hebb

V

sayin to th' son hebb
sayin to th' son hebb
E 2 **SATYRE**

IV

sayin to th' son hebb
sayin to th' son hebb
sayin to th' son hebb
sayin to th' son hebb

SATYRE ON COVETOUSNESS.

I.

FREIDOM, honour and nobillness,
Meid manheid, mirth and gentillness,
Ar now in Court repute as Vyce,
And all for cause of covetyce.

II.

ALL welfare, welth and wantonesse,
Ar changit into wretchedness,
And play is set at little prycce,
And all for cause of covetyce.

III.

HALKING, hunting and swift horse rining,
Ar changit all in wranous winning,
Thair is nae play but cards and dyce,
And all for cause of covetyce.

IV.

HEARTY house-halding is all laid doun,
A Laird has with him but a loun,
That leids him after his devyce,
And all for cause of covetyce.

V.

In burghs to Landwart and to Sie,
Quhair plesour was and grit plentie,
Venison, wyld-foul, wyn, and spyce,
Ar now decayd throw covetyce.

VI.

HUSBANDS that Grangis had full greit,
Cattle and corn to sell and eit,
Hes now nae beists but cats and myce,
And all throw cause of covetyce.

Ho-

VII.

HONEST Zemen in every toun,
Quha wont to weir baith red and broun,
Ar now arrayt in raggs with lyce,
And all throw cause of covetyce.

VIII.

AND Lairds in silks harle to the Deil,
For quhilk thair Tennants sald summer meil,
And lives on ruits under the ryss,
And all for cause of covetyce.

IX.

QUHA that dois deids of pietie,
And lives in pece and cheritie,
Is haldin a fule, and that full nyce,
And all, &c.

X.

AND quha can reive uther mens rowms,
And upon pure men gadder sowms,
Is thocht an active man and wyse,
And all, &c.

XI.

MAN, pleis thy maker, and be merry,
And value nocht this Warld a cherry;
Work for a place in Paradyce,
For thairin rings nae covetyce.

A PA-

P A N Y G Y R I C K

O N

Sr P E N N Y.

I.

Richt fain wald I my qwaintance mak
Sr Penny with, and wate ye quhy?
He is a man will undertak
a lairdship of braid lands to buy;
thairfoir methink richt fain wald I
With him in fellowship repair,
because he is in company
A noble gyde baith late and air.

II.

Sr Penny for till hald in hand,
his company they think fae sweit;
Sum does not care to sell thair land,
with gude Sr Penny for to meit,
because he is of a noble spreit,
A furthy man and a forseiand;
there is no mater ends compleit,
Till he set to his seil and hand.

Sr

III.

Sr Penny is a valiant man,
of mekle strenth and dignitie,
And evir sen this Warld began,
in this land Autoreist is he :
the King or Quene ze may not see,
They still so tenderlie him trete,
that ther can nathing endit be,
Without his company ze get.

IV.

Sr Penny is a man of law,
and (witt ye weil) baith wyse and war ;
He mony reasons can furth schaw,
quhen he is standing at the bar,
is nane sae sharp that can him scar,
Quhen he proponts furth ony pley ;
nor zit sae hardy man as dar
Sr. Penny tyne or disobey.

V.

Sr. Penny is baith leird and wyse,
the Kirk to steir he taks in hand,
Disponer of ilk benefice
in this Realm, throu all the land ;
is nane sae wicht dar him gainstand,
Sae wysely can Sr Penny wirk ;
and als Sr Symonie his servand,
That now is gydar of the Kirk.

VI.

Gif to the court thou mak repair,
and ther haif matters to proclaim,
Thou art unable wel to fare,
Sr Penny gif thou leif at hame,
to bring him furth think thou nae schame ;
I do thee wel to understand,
into thy bag beir thou his name,
Thy matter cumbs better to hand.

VII.

Sr Penny now is maid an Owl,
they wirk him mekle tray and teine,
They hald him in till he hair-moull,
and maks him blind of baith his eue ;
thirout he is but fiddle sene,
Sae fast tharin they can him steik,
that Commons pure cannot obtain
Ane day to byd with him and speik.

V.

ROBIN

ROBIN AND MAKYNE,

A PASTORAL.

I.

RObin sat on the gude grene hill,
keipand a flock of sie,
Quhen mirry Makyne said him till,
O Robin rew on me.

I haif thee luivt baith loud and still,
thir towmonds twa or thre;
My dule in dern but gif thou dill,
doubtless bot dreid I die.

II.

Robin replied, now by the rude,
naithing ofluve I knew,
But keip my sheip undir yon wod,
lo quhair they raik on raw.

Quhat can have mart thee in thy mude,
thou Makyne to me schaw?
Or quhat is lufe, or to be lude?
fain wald I leir that law.

III.

The law of lufe gin thou wald leir,
tak thair an A, B, C;
Be keynd, courtas, and fair of feir,
wyse, hardy, kind and frie,
Sae that nae danger do the deir,
what dule in dern thou drie;
Pres ay to pleis, and blyth appeir,
be patient, and privie.

F

Robin

IV.

Robin he answert her again,
 I wat not quhat is lufe,
 But I haif marvell uncertain
 quhat maks thee thus wanrufe.
 The wedderis fair, and I am fain ;
 my sheip gaes hail abuve,
 Gif we sould play us on the plain,
 they wald us baith reprove.

V.

Robin tak tent unto my tale,
 and do all as I reid ;
 And thou fall haif my heart all hale,
 eik and my maidenheid ;
 Sen God he sends bute for bale,
 and for murning remeid.
 I dern with thee, but give I dale,
 doubtless I am but deid.

VI.

Makyne the morn be this ilk tyde,
 gif ye will meit me heir,
 May be my sheip may gang besyde,
 quhyle we have liggd full neir ;
 But maugre haif I, gif I byde,
 frae thay begin to steir,
 Quhat lyes on heart I will nocht hyd,
 then Makyne mak gude cheir.

VII.

Robin thou reivs me of my rest ;
 I lufe but thee alone.

Makyne,

Makyne, adieu, the sun goes west,
the day is neir-hand gane.

Robin in dule I am so dreft,
that luve will be my bane.

Makyne gae luve quhair eir ye list ;
for Lemans I luid nane.

VIII.

Robin I stand in sic a style,
I sich, and that full fair.

Makyne I have been heir this quhyle,
at hame I wish I were.

Robin, my hinny, talk and smyle,
gif thou will do nae mair.

Makyne sum uther man beguyle ;
for hameward I will fare.

IX.

Syne Robin on his ways he went,
as light as leif on tree :

But Makyne murnt and made lament,
scho trow'd him neir to see.

Robin he brayd attowre the bent,
then Makyne cryd on hie,

Now may thou sing, for I am shent !
quhat can ail luve at me ?

X.

Makyne went hame withouten fail,
and weirylie could weip ;

Then Robin in a full fair dale
assemblit all his sheip,

Be that some part of Makyns ail,
outthrow his heart coud creip,

Hir fast he followt to assail,
and till her tuke gude keip,

XI.

Abyd, abyd, thou fair Makyne,
a word for ony thing;
For all my lufe it shall be thyne,
withoutten departing,
All hale thy heart for till have myne,
is all my coveting;
My sheip quhyle morn till the hours nyne,
will mister nae keiping.

XII.

Robin, thou has heard sung and say,
in jests and storys auld,
*The man that will not when he may,
shall have nacht when he wald.*
I pray to Heaven baith nicht and day,
be eikd their cares fae cauld,
That presses first with thee to play,
be forrest, firth or fauld.

XIII.

Makyne, the nicht is soft and dry,
the wether warm and fair,
And the grene wod richt neir hand by
to walk attowre all where:
There may nae janglers us espy,
that is to lufe contrair,
Therin, Makyne, baith you and I,
unseen may mak repair.

XIV.

Robin, that warld is now away,
and quyt brocht till an end,

And neir again thereto perfay,
fall it be as thou wend ;
For of my pain thou made but play,
I words in vain did spend ;
As thou has done sae fall I say,
murn on, I think to mend.

XV.

Makyne, the hope of all my heal,
my heart on thee is set ;
I'll evermair to thee be leil,
quhyle I may live but lett,
Never to fail as uthers feil,
quhat grace so eir I get.
Robin, with thee I will not deal ;
adieu, for this we met.

XVI.

Makyne went hameward blyth enough,
outowre the holtis hair.
Pure Robin murnd and Makyne leugh ;
scho sang, and he sichd fair :
Scho left him in baith wae and wreuch,
in dolor and in care,
Keipand his herd under a heuch,
amang the rashy gair.

Finis quod Mr. ROB. HENRYSON.

Ane

INTERLUDE OF THE DROICHS.

I.

HIrry, hary, hobbilschow,
Se ze not quha is cum now,
But zit wate I nevir how,
 brocht with the quhirl-wind;
A Sargeand out of Soudoun land,
A Gyane strang in limbs to stand,
That with the strength of my awin hand
 may bairs and bugles bind.

II.

Quha is then cum heir, but I
A bauld and bowsteous bellomy,
Amang zou-all to cry a cry
 with a maist mighty soun?
I generit am of Gyans kynd,
Frae hardy Hercules be strynd,
Of all the occident and ynd,
 my elders woir the croun.

III.

My fore grandfyre heicht Fynmackoull,
Quha dang the Deil, and gart him zoul,
The skyes raind fludes quhen he wald skoul,
 he trublit all the air.
He gat my gudfyre Gog Magog,
He, when he daunst, the wrold wad schog,
Then thousand ells zied in his frog
 of highland plaids, and mair.

IV.

Sic was he quhen of tendir zouth,
 But aftir he grew mair at fouth,
 Elevin myle wyde mett was his mouth,
 his teith was ten myles squair :
 He wald upon his tais upstand,
 And tak the starns doun with his hand,
 And set them in a gold garland,
 abuve his wifes hair.

V.

His wyfe scho mekle was of clift,
 Her heid wan heicher than the lift,
 The Hevin reirdit quhen scho did rift,
 the lass was naithing sklender :
 Scho spat Loch-lowmond with hir lips,
 Thunder and fyre flew frae hir hips,
 Quhen scho was crabbit, the sun thold clips ;
 the feynd durst nocht offend hir.

VI.

For cauld scho tuke the fever tartane,
 For all the claith in France and Bartane
 Wald not be to hir leg a gartane,
 thocht scho was zung and tendir :
 Upon a nicht heir in the north,
 Scho tuke the gravel, and staild Craig-gorth,
 And pischt the grit watter of Forth,
 sic tyd ran aftirhind hir.

VII.

Ane thing written of hir I find,
 In Yrland quhen scho blew behind,
 On Norway coist scho raist the wind,

and

THE DROICHS.

and grit schips drownit thair :
 Then scho fischt all the Spainzie feis,
 With hir sark lap betwix hir theyis,
 And thre days failing tween hir kneis
 it was esteem'd and mair.

VIII.

The hingan braes on adir syde
 Scho powtert with hir lymms fae wyde ;
 Lasses nicht lair at hir to stryde,
 wald gae to luvairs lair.
 Scho markit to the land with mirth,
 Scho quhirrd fyve quhails into the firth,
 Had croppin on her Geig for girth,
 walterand amang the wair.

IX.

My Fader mekle Gow Macmorne,
 Out of his moders wame was schorne,
 For littlenesf scho was forlorn,
 sican a kemp to beir :
 Or he of age was zeirs thre,
 He wald stap owre the ocean se,
 The Mone sprang neir abune his knie,
 the Heavens had of him feir.

X.

Ane thousand zeirs ar past frae mynd,
 Sen I was generit of his kynd,
 Far furth in desarts of the ynd,
 amang lyon and beir :
 Worthy King Arthur and Gawane,
 And mony a bauld bairn of Bartane
 Ar deid, and in the wars are slain,
 sen I could weild a speir.

XI.

The Sophie and the Sowdoun strang,
 With battles that haif laftit lang,
 Out of thair bounds has maid me gang,
 and turn to Turkie tyte.

The King of Francis grit armie
 Has brocht a derth in Lombardie,
 That in the countrie I and he
 can nocht dwell baith perfyte.

XII.

Swadrick, Danmark and Noraway,
 Nor in the steids I dare not gae,
 For ther is nocht but burn and flae,
 cut thropples and mak quyte.

Yrland for ay I haif refusit,
 All wyse men will hald me excusit ;
 For neir in land wher Earfe is usit,
 to dwell had I delyt.

XIII.

I haif bene formest ay in field,
 And now sae lang haif born the scheild,
 That I am crynit in for eild
 this litle, as ze may se :

I haif bene banist undir the lynd
 This lang tyme, that nane could me fynd,
 Quhyle now with this last eistin wynd,
 I am cum heir perdie.

XIV.

My name is Welth, therfore be blyth,
 I am cum comfort zou to kyth,

Suppose ilk wretch fuld wail and wryth,
 all derth I fall gar die:
 For certainly the truth to tell,
 I cum amang ze now to dwell,
 Far frae the sound of Curphour bell,
 to live I neir fall drie.

XV.

Now sen I am sic quantitie
 Of Gyans cum, as ze may se,
 Quhair will be gotten a wyfe for me,
 of siclyk breid and hicht?
 In all this bour is not a bryde
 Ane hour I wate dar me abyde,
 Zet trow ze ony heir besyde
 nicht suffer me all nicht.

XVI.

Adew a quhyle, for now I gae,
 But I will not lang byde ze frae,
 I wisch ze be conserft from wae,
 baith maiden, wyfe and man:
 GOD bless them and the haly rude,
 Gif me a drink, se it be gude,
 And quha trows best that I do lude,
 skink first to me the kan.

A LETTER from a young Gentleman
who had the misfortune to be engaged in
the late Rebellion, to a Gentleman at Glas-
gow who had persuaded and assisted him to
escape while the Rebel-army was there.

KIND AND WORTHY SIR:

THE last week, I receiv'd your Letter,
And ne'er to cut or mince the matter,
for a' the *facta*
Which to make my condition better
per you sunt acta.
I can't the favours half express
Which you have done me, more or less ;
Excuse my want of good address,
and trust the sender
Loves you above his Holiness,
or the Pretender.

Et mihi multum joy dat,
To see your *amicitia stat*
As firm as Atlas, and all that
to a poor ranger

Naked and poor like a church rat,
to you a stranger.

You first of all preserv'd my life
And throat from halter or from knife,
Then purse and person, without strife,
were at my will,
And a' your geir, except your wife;
baith good and ill.

You rigg'd me out from tap to tae ;

How can I ere your deeds repay ;
To part wi' you I was right wae,

I grat and yelpit ;
To poufse my fortune I must gae,
I could not help it.

Auld-reeky was my nearest landing,
My stay was there of nae lang standing,
My faes, who a' had at commanding,
my heels had tript :
But my friends gae me timely warning;
sae aff I slipt.

To sea I went ; and you may think
I wad nae like salt water drink :
Yet could I get my rhymes to clink,
I'd make them tell,
How every hour I thought to sink
maist down to Hell !

Although you may be sure that *nos*
Did make it our continual *mos*,
With heart sincere and open *os*,
ofttimes to pray,

A tali malo libera nos,
O Domine !

The tempest blew, the waves did rore,
The Captain curst, the Sailors swore ;
I ne'er was in sic dread before,
but now I own,
He that's doom'd to hang on shore
can never drown.

For after we had a' repented
Of our past sins, the wind relented,

It's

It's fury being fairly vented ;
 and just at hand
 Soon to our wat'ry eyes presented
 the sight of land.
 Next, a description you'll expect
 Of London, true, nice, and correct :
 But wait a wee, I must reflect,
 and for to drink
 Your * Totam's health I'll ne'er neglect,
 for ought I think.
 Wi' clouds of thick Tobacco smoak,
 And London Purl, I'm like to choak !
 In faith, 'twou'd maist a Saint provoke
 to hear the din
 Of whoring, thieving, drunken fouk,
 baith out and in.
 Here's nae sick thing as *Watch and pray* :
 But, *whore a' night*, and, *cheat a' day*.
 Lord ! what wou'd our Whig Pastors say,
 cou'd they but see't,
 How Sin and Satan barefac'd gae
 in ilka street !
 Sure they'd be loath to let it pass ;
 But glowr wi' mony a starch grimace,
 And rank this town in the same class
 wi' Babylon ;
 And, faith, look to them thro' a glass,
 they're baith a' one.
 Here's

* A familiar expression of the Gentleman's, to whom the Letter was -
 wrote, for his Wife.

Here's sik a hubub and confusion,
 Sik bites, sik cheatry, and delusion,
 That ane may say, without intrusion,
 a half and mair
 Will to the De'il gae in conclusion !
 and that's right fair.
 From Coblers to the greatest Lord
 Sin circulates with one accord,
 As ilk ane's state can best afford,
 occasion fit,
 They cheat with pen, tongue, gun, and sword,
 as best can hit.
 From Lords to Lairds, and Chimney-sweepers,
 From Belles and Beaux to Bunter-keepers,
 All, in their hearts, are nought but vipers,
 or little others ;
 For ilk ane cheats his nearest nibers,
 and some their brothers.
 My Lord puts on the Patriot's cloak,
 And cheats the poor, deluded folk,
 Who, ne'er expecting sik a mock,
 believes his word;
 Which, soon they see, fly oft in smoak,
 not worth a t—d.
 The rev'rend Prelate's little better ;
 For, though he reads the holy Letter,
 And tells of Heav'n and Hell the nature,
 if one would try,
 He kens as little of the matter
 as you or I.

Proctors and Doctors next, you ken,
 Are neer the very best of men,
 They're what you will ; if they can gain
 a good round fee,
 Goupins of gowd frae ev'ry slain
 soon makes them free.

And durst I venture to make words
 About these, what d'ye call them, birds
 That weir Cockades and great long swords,
 I would aver it
 Two thirds and mair of them are cowards,
 ay, faith, and swear it.

But it would take me half a year
 And mair, to tell you, heal and clear,
 But half the things I see and hear,
 pass daily by,
 And never fash my head to speir,
 wherefore or why ?

So least my letter be prolix,
 An end I shortly must affix ;
 But first solemnly swear by Styx,
 and the punch bowl ;

I hate this town, and a' its tricks,
 wi' heart and soul.

It gives me nae sma' joy to think
 I'll soon get free from noise and stink,
 And yet, if ane had store of clink
 and gowd a fouth,

Here's plenty of good meat and drink ;
 to tell the truth.

Sae

Sae any body well might bear
 A month or twa of every year
 To spend in mirth or pleasure here ;

but mair to take

Wou'd surfeet any man, I'm sure,
 unless a rake.

But lest this fulsome stuff I send,
 By being too tedious, should offend ;
 I think it fit to make an end :

and still most fervent
 Remains, your most obliged friend,
 and humble servant.

6 MA 50

F I N I S.